

GRAPHIC

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Los Angeles, Cal., July 1, 1905

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*Miss May Sutton, who is competing this week for the Woman's
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—Photograph by courtesy of Los Angeles Examiner.

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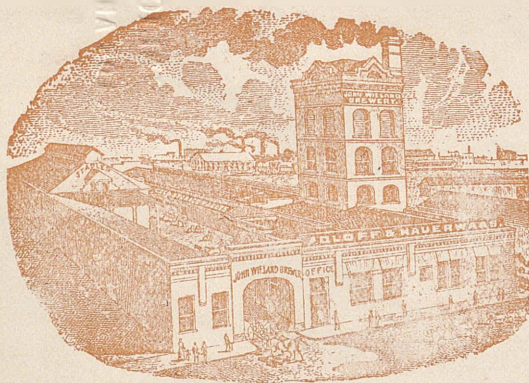
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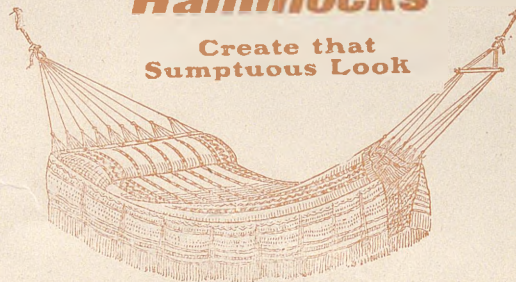


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Matters of Moment

The Library Imbroglio.

It seems to be the opinion of the Solons of the daily press that the Library imbroglio will soon be dissipated. That may be so, but it is entirely another question whether the grave subjects of equal justice and fair dealing should simply serve as palatable sensations of the hour and be shelved as soon as the public taste has grown weary.

The sudden and peremptory removal of a public official, male or female, who, as far as the public knows, has proved admirably efficient, is not a subject either for hysterics or for callousness. It demands scrupulous investigation, and those who have the welfare of the city at heart and care for the vital principle of justice will not rest until justice has been done.

Pending an investigation, there are various features of Miss Jones's summary dismissal from the office of public librarian that naturally excite suspicion.

No complaints by the patrons of the library have ever been heard against Miss Jones's management. There has been no public criticism of her efficiency. On the contrary, the general impression has been that Miss Jones has managed the institution with discretion, energy and fidelity. The almost unanimous testimony of former directors of the library confirms this impression, and even the present board of directors, within a few months, signed their names to a report in which Miss Jones's services were highly and gratefully commended.

On the other hand, the personal animosity towards Miss Jones of one of the directors, Mr. Isidore B. Dockweiler, has been notorious, having been fully demonstrated three years ago when Mr. Dockweiler made his first and unsuccessful campaign against her. Mr. Dockweiler's charges against the Librarian were at that time considered trivial or unfounded and were not sustained. Under such circumstances it seems strange that ex-Mayor Snyder should have reappointed Mr. Dockweiler on the board—an appointment that Mr. Snyder had later plenty of personal reasons to regret. That Mr. Dockweiler never receded from his position of extreme antagonism to Miss Jones seems to have been sufficiently demonstrated by his actions and his outgivings to the public press during the last ten days.

The trouble then resolves itself into a question whether Miss Jones's removal was justified by any shortcomings in her management or if it was the climax of Mr. Dockweiler's four years of plotting;

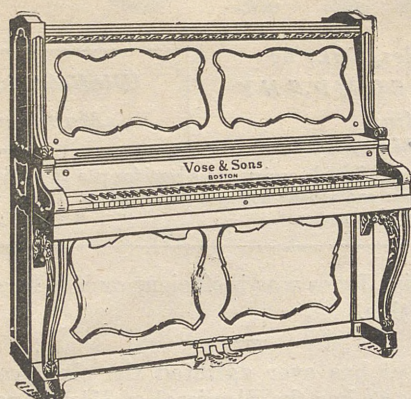
whether Miss Jones was inefficient or Mr. Dockweiler was vindictive.

No subject has ever agitated the club women of Los Angeles as has the dismissal of Miss Jones. Her personal popularity in the Friday Morning Club may have had something to do with the outburst of wrath and indignation, but a much deeper cause underlay the storm. The good ladies of the Friday Morning Club pounced upon the theory intimated by the Library Directors that the true reason for Miss Jones's removal was that she is a woman, and the suggestion was almost rabidly refuted that a man was needed in such a position of executive importance, especially in an institution in which the staff consists solely of women. This, again, is a subject that can only be determined by results. Has Miss Jones's administration lacked the force of control and discipline over her staff? Have there been instances of insubordination? It is undoubtedly a psychological fact that women do not pay the same deference to authority represented by one of their own sex as to a man. While properly jealous and insistent for their rights in the world of business, women have yet to learn that their sex cannot be distinguished by holding positions of executive importance until they are willing to accept, without question or complaint, the authority and discipline of women. It remains to be proved whether Miss Jones was able to rise superior to this circumstance.

The question of the qualifications of Mr. Charles F. Lummis for the position of librarian need not be raised until the question of Miss Jones's efficiency or inefficiency has been determined. It is, however, obvious that Mr. Dockweiler and his colleagues con-

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templated a great coup by the appointment of so distinguished a literary man as Mr. Lummis to fill Miss Jones's place. As far as we can see, the glamour of Mr. Lummis's appointment will not be able to extinguish the light that should be thrown on Miss Jones's cause.

If Mr. Dockweiler has not been animated by personal spite but rather by a sincere regard for the public service he should be the first to welcome an investigation, if only as an opportunity to deliver himself from the uncomfortable situation that at present envelops him.

The Argonaut as Achilles.

It is with the keenest regret that we read the Argonaut's announcement that it is weary of well-doing. For thirty years the Argonaut has fought with unflinching courage and vehement force against the invasion of America by undesirable—and worse—immigrants, European and Asiatic. The consequences of the Spanish war, seven years ago, in the addition to the population of the United States of "seven million malignant savages in the Philippines and another million lazy mongrels in Porto Rico," first caused our contemporary to "flag in the race, to grow a little weary." "When we had taken in these eight million with motley colored skins, what use," asks the Argonaut, "to inveigh against the immigration to this country of men of white skin, or Aryan blood, however indifferent specimens of the Caucasian race they might chance to be?" The Argonaut felt it could no longer continue the fight "when America's monstrous excursion across the

Pacific had made all argument absurd, all opposition idiotic, all sentimental appeal the height of foolishness."

For ourselves we cannot follow the Argonaut in this fine frenzy of abandonment. However bad a bargain the United States made when it paid good money for the white elephant of the Philippines, however difficult the problems of governing those islands may be, why should the possession of the Philippines and of Porto Rico cause the abandonment of the crusade against undesirable immigration? In the last seven years there has been no formidable rush of Filipinos or Porto Ricans to these shores, nor is there any apparent probability of such incursion. Great Britain has dealt with the far greater problem of governing India with its 250,000,000 souls for a hundred years, but the Hindoo has proved vexatious only in his native land. The problems that the Filipino threatens are not domestic. It is possible, however unwise it may be, to maintain a menagerie in one's back yard without its occupants straying into one's home. What logic is there in maintaining that because the United States has undertaken the custody of "malignant savages" four thousand miles across the sea we should abandon all hope of excluding "the murderous Latin, the brutish Slav, the unkempt Russian-Jew" from these shores? But the Argonaut is in despair. "It is too late," it cries. "We are a trifle weary, we are. Just a little tired, that's all."

But the saddest part of our contemporary's lamentations is the fact that it now also abandons as hopeless its crusade against the invasion of the Asiatic.

"It is our deliberate belief," declares the Argonaut in terrible italics, "that the exclusion law will be so modified by the present or future Congresses that it will become virtually no barrier to the influx of men of Mongolian race, and that California will become a coolie state."

The Argonaut bases this most pessimistic conclusion on three causes: The victory of a yellow over a white race; the tyranny of the labor unions and the need of the manufacturer for a market. There is no doubt that the Chinese Exclusion laws can no longer be administered with the harshness, and unfairness that has too often caused just complaint, without risk of retaliation from the Chinese government, but there is not yet reason to predict that sufficient pressure, from whatever source, can be brought to pull down the bars against the Chinese coolie. Neither "the tyranny of the labor unions," which are diminishing rather than growing in power, nor the greed of the industrial Trusts, to which the great mass of citizens are gradually but surely awakening, will drive the United States to such a reckless and fatal policy. "The influx of Chinese and the consequent creation of great plantations with semi-servile labor, the establishment of huge manufacturing employing labor of amazing cheapness," is sufficiently horrible a vision to warn Americans against tempting any such realization. Both the labor unions and the trust barons will find their level surely enough when the patient public, the consumers, insist that they themselves have some rights and the greatest voice in legislation.

But that there is danger ahead, we do not doubt. It is certain that a concerted movement will be made to so modify the exclusion laws as to make it possible

for Chinese coolies to slip in. Such a movement must be met with firmness and courage by every American, who holds love of country dearer than love of gain. California must lead in the missionary work that must be done to convince our Eastern brethren that they are "monkeying with a buzz-saw" when they touch the exclusion question. For this very reason we are sorrowful to find that the Argonaut is inclined to sulk in its tent, vowing, because its words of warning have not been heeded in the past, that it will leave the fight to others, and "look on, indeed with equanimity." Brace up, neighbor, your virile pen is still needed against the enemy, at home and abroad.

A Municipal Lighting Plant

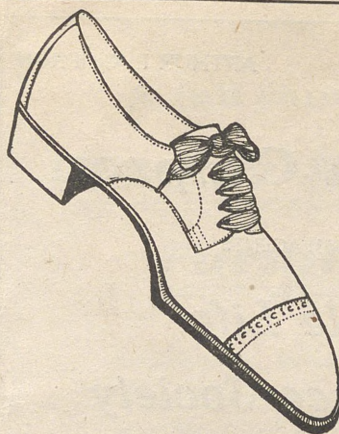
The Municipal League sent in a communication to the Council last Monday urging that body to make an investigation into the feasibility of establishing a municipal lighting plant. The communication is brief, but full of solid matter. It calls attention to the fact that out of the 1000 cities of the country, one-third now have municipal lighting plants, and that new ones are added to the list at the rate of about ten a month. Taking the seven largest cities operating municipal plants and obtaining the average price of production of light and applying the figures thus secured to our own situation, the League finds that there would be a saving in our annual light bill of something like \$30,000 a year.

Still the League does not definitely recommend the establishment of a plant—but urges that an investigation be made into the feasibility of such an undertaking. It suggests also that in conducting this investigation, the Council secure expert advice.

Now there is no doubt at all that if we had a clear-headed, courageous Council, made up of good business men who were capable of developing a policy and of adhering to it, and if such a body were to undertake, in a vigorous and intelligent fashion, an inquiry into the merits of municipal ownership of a lighting plant, only one result would be possible—the calling of an election to vote bonds. And if the matter were properly laid before the people, it would result in the carrying of the bonds by an overwhelming majority—probably five to one. And then, if the plant were properly managed, the city might be thoroughly lighted—instead of half lighted, as at present—for a smaller sum than we are now paying.

But all this will not happen. This Council, the majority of whom are indebted to the corporations for their seats, will dally with the investigation for a time, and then present some impossible plan to the voters.

The first real step toward municipal ownership would be to recall three or four of the present councilmen and send men selected by the people to take their places.



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I have been bombarded this week with communications concerning the library imbroglio. Elsewhere will be found a skit entitled "The Lion, the Hen and the Jackal" which I publish because it may inject some gayety into the somewhat gloomy occasion, not because of any intrinsic truth in the allegory. In fact, the fabulist does Mr. Lummis a fabulous injustice in suggesting that the Lion hankered after the little Hen's Daily Dish and conspired with the Jackal to obtain it. Those who know Mr. Lummis also know that he is the last man in the world to suspect of job chasing. Mr. Lummis has explained his own position with perfect frankness. There was a vacancy in the executive chair of the Library—at least, the directors believed it was in their power to cause one—and the chair was offered Mr. Lummis. Of the propriety of likening the ornate and suave Mr. Dockweiler to a jackal, I am still in doubt. But it is unfortunate that Mr. Dockweiler should have remained on the Library board after his first attempt to oust Miss Jones had been brought to naught. It was inevitable that there would be friction between the discomfited director and the vindicated librarian.

To Get at the Truth.

A very important feature, it seems to me, of the five years' warfare between Miss Jones and Mr. Dockweiler, is to discover the original *casus belli*. A commonly accepted story is that Mr. Dockweiler, who is an ardent son of the Church, was anxious to stock more library shelves with Roman Catholic literature. The library already contained a representative collection of the authorities of the Church. During Mr. Dobinson's presidency of the board, some dozen years ago, there was complaint that the Catholic Church was inadequately represented on the library shelves. Mr. Dobinson wrote to Bishop Mora, who at that time presided over this diocese, and asked the Bishop to furnish him with a list of representative Catholic volumes. The Bishop complied, and every one of the books suggested by the Bishop was purchased. It is said that some six years later Mr. Dockweiler, who was on the Book Committee, gave orders for a large addition to these volumes, that Miss Jones represented the facts to Mr. Dockweiler's colleagues and that they rescinded Mr. Dockweiler's order. But if this be true, Mr. Dockweiler's animosity should not have been leveled at the innocent and dutiful head of Miss Mary Jones, but at the obdurate pericrania of his colleagues. I recall that at Mr. Dockweiler's first persecution—in the sense of "following thoroughly," not necessarily "punishing for religious opinions—of Miss Jones he was pilloried—perhaps by A. P. A.'s—for Jesuitical practice. My excuse for alluding to this unsubstantiated story is that I have heard it a score of times during the last week and it is better for all concerned that the truth should be uncovered. It is almost as important to keep sectarianism out of the Public Library as politics. A combination of both invites disaster.

Miss Jones's Efficiency.

The almost unanimous testimony of well known gentlemen who have served on the board during Miss Jones's librarianship is unqualifiedly in her favor. I have heard such men as Enoch Knight, Henry O'Melveny, and Rabbi Hecht speak in the highest terms of her efficiency. These tributes are confirmed by the printed indorsement of Ferd. K. Rule, J. Ross Clark and others, and by the official report of the present directors themselves. It would appear that Mr. Dockweiler has completely dominated the present board, with the single and gallant exception of Willoughby Rodman. Dr. Trueworthy, to say the least, is not regarded as a pillar of strength; Messrs. Foster Wright and Marschutz have served on the board less than six months. It seems to me that Mr. Dockweiler saw his opportunity and had no chivalrous scruples in seizing it. Beyond the testimony of previous directors, one can only judge of Miss Jones's efficiency by personal observation and experience. During the last five or six years I have frequently had occasion to rely on Miss Jones's services for reference volumes involving wide research and expert knowledge. Invariably, Miss Jones responded with alacrity and courtesy and with a service for which I could not be sufficiently grateful. Furthermore, I am assured that scores of persons in similar plight have the same good reason to remember Miss Jones with gratitude.

Incompetent?

Among the faults laid by the present directors to Miss Jones's door is the charge that "she is not a business woman." It is alleged that she has been lately ordering supplies on contracts that were made four years ago for material that could now be purchased on more advantageous terms; that she did not invite competitive bids for supplies; that, on one occasion, when three typewriters were ordered, the directors discovered that they could be purchased for \$20 apiece cheaper than Miss Jones had contemplated. But, surely, in the first place these matters—certainly, the general policy of purchasing supplies—should have been decided by the supply committee of the board. Is it not possible that these gentlemen were themselves to blame? It is also charged that Miss Jones applied to the board for an increase in salary, not directly, but through her assistant, Miss Celia Gleason, and that when the increase was refused, she threatened to resign.

Discipline.

Of the internal discipline of the Library it would be presumptuous for an outsider to speak, except to voice the observation of constant patrons of the institution, which has been that the staff of young women apparently performed their duties with alertness, courtesy and in good order. The one insurgent on the staff is said to have been Mr. Dockweiler's special protege, Miss Nora E. Miller, who was the disturbing factor in the Library three years ago and, under Mr. Dockweiler's continued patronage, has continued to be unamenable to discipline. If Miss Miller's insubordination was revealed to the board at the investigation three years ago, it was the height of imprudence to retain her on the staff. A perpetual example of authorized insubordination was certainly not calculated to strengthen Miss Jones's hands.

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How the Council Fosters Monopoly.

The vote taken in the Council last Monday refusing the request of the Spring street property owners, that they be allowed to pay out of their own pockets for a conduit system to their lights, so the city could have the benefit of competition on the bids for electricity, is a most appalling demonstration of the grip the corporations have on that body.

When the Broadway people put in their lights, they made no provision for bringing the current to the poles. The Los Angeles Lighting Company asserts that it cost \$13,000 to build the connections from their conduit to the poles, and as it involved tearing the street to pieces from one end to the other, we may believe their figures somewhere near correct. Each pole has its individual connection with the conduit. If, when the contract expires, some other company should undertake to compete, it would have to tear up the street again and expend a similar sum to install connections.

To get around this difficulty, the Spring street property owners—and it is greatly to their credit—offered to pay, indeed, begged to be allowed to pay, out of their own pockets, for a conduit running along under the sidewalk from pole to pole so that the entire system could be covered with three or four connections with a street conduit. Thus the city, which is to pay for the current, would have the benefit of competition and the street would not be torn to pieces. An insignificant fraction of the frontage—less than five per cent—protested and asked to have the Broadway mistake repeated. The matter was thoroughly thrashed out in Council and the loss to the city made perfectly clear, yet in the resulting vote five councilmen went on record as willing to see the city "done" in the interest of the electric companies. These are Blanchard of the Ninth, Ford of the First, Healy of the Eighth, Summerland of the Fourth and Kern of the Seventh. Nothing was to be expected of the first four, but the attitude of Mr. Kern is something of a shock. This throws a new and rather a ghastly light on the councilman from the Seventh.

"'Honesty,'" said the man who is earnest but not original, "'is the best policy,'" "It may be the best policy," answered Senator Sorghum, "but you can't convince me that it is the best politics."

"Business."

More than one city official was taught the meaning of the word "business" in the course of the deal just closed, by which the city becomes the owner of its garbage crematory site. The purchase price was about \$4,000, and I am told that there was considerable of a row among certain of the city officers because F. H. Brooks, who offered the site, managed to make about \$1200 on the sale. It seems that Brooks set about securing a site, as close in as possible considering the limit of price that would be set, and at the same time a location that would not bring down the wrath of adjoining property owners on the city council. Having obtained the lots, Brooks offered them. The Mayor learned in some way that Brooks was going to make a profit, and what Thomas W. Lawson calls a "sit down" occurred in the Mayor's office when Brooks responded to the Mayor's invitation to call. McAleer demurred on the price. "Very well, Mr. Mayor," Brooks is reported to have replied. "If you do not like the price, all you have

to do is to veto the deal. I have gone about getting you a cheap site, free from objections of any sort. If you don't think that is worth recompense, you do not need to take the property. I can sell it elsewhere." The Mayor objected on the ground that Brooks was making what he (the Mayor) figured would amount to \$190 per day. "Certainly I am making something by the sale," agreed Brooks. "You are buying brains now, not day labor. If you had come to me with the coin in hand and asked me to buy you a property, I would have done it for a commission. But you ask me to put in a bid, to waste time around here in the city hall, waiting until 4 o'clock in the afternoon for committees to meet, when the meeting is called at 2 o'clock. The city government pursues other unbusinesslike methods, and then expects me to sell at no profit. What I paid for the property is no one's business. Suppose I had inherited the property and thus obtained it for nothing. Does that mean that I ought to give it to the city because the city wants it? I have my price for what, all things considered, is the best piece of property offered as a site. I am saying to the city exactly what I would say to any other buyer—take it or leave it." The city "took it."

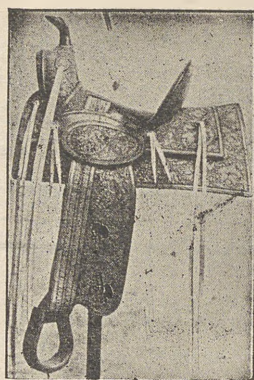
An Impudent Fake.

"Have you seen Margaret Graham yet?" is the leading question of a large advertisement that has been published in the Sunday editions of the daily papers. I recommend the management of the daily papers to see Margaret Graham at once and note how far she resembles the alleged portrait of herself, conspicuously displayed in the aforesaid advertisement. Such an inspection may save the daily papers some trouble and also reveal to them the dimensions of Margaret Graham's "nerve" and "marvelous psychic vision." The portrait published is not of Margaret Graham at all, but a grossly impertinent reproduction from the painting of Mrs. John Jacob Astor by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, published in the June number of the Metropolitan Magazine. "Certainly," concludes Margaret Graham's advertisement, "she is a most remarkable woman, the like of which one seldom has an opportunity to see." I should say so!

Miss Bonfilio Will Remember.

I hear there is not much probability of a truce being declared between Mr. Bonfilio and the Jonathan Club and I very much regret to hear it. For a number of years Mr. Bonfilio had rendered the club signal service, which was crowned by the work done by himself and his daughter in superintending the furnishing of the club's splendid new home. A proposal was on foot two or three weeks ago to elect Mr. Bonfilio a life member, but, somehow, it was dropped, just as a former resolution to present Miss Bonfilio with an engrossed address expressing the gratitude of the club for her services has never been carried into effect. But Miss Bonfilio has one recollection of her work at the Jonathan Club that she will never forget. It was ten days before the opening of the new quarters, and the young woman was exceedingly busy. An elderly and fussy director, who had nothing better to do than loaf around getting into everybody's way, had made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the young woman by his interference. On this occasion his remarks were

Samuel C. Foy



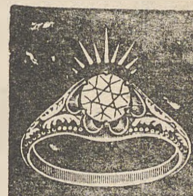
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beyond endurance, but the elderly director persisted despite Miss Bonfilio's protests. At last, completely exasperated, and receiving no active championship from another director who stood by, Miss Bonfilio took the matter and the elderly director into her own hands. She went up to him, put a firm hand on each shoulder and shook him till his teeth chattered, at the same time threatening to throw him over the balusters into the rotunda below if he did not promise to behave. The elderly director swore he would be good. The young lady then left the building, vowing never to return, and only consented to resume her work at the earnest solicitation of the board, who all with one accord jumped on (but verbally) the elderly, fussy and indiscreet one. The old gentleman was not himself a candidate for re-election, but if my information is correct he played a strong hand in encompassing the defeat of the father of the young woman who had laid violent hands on him. I don't think those resolutions of gratitude to Miss Bonfilio should be delayed any longer.

Candidate Under Cover.

I am told that several Los Angeles Democrats are grooming a new candidate for Governor. The identity of the man is carefully concealed. No, his name is not M. P. Snyder of Los Angeles; neither is it Washington Dodge of San Francisco. He is, so my informant says, a resident of Los Angeles, and a man who has a national reputation in his own line. He will be ardently supported by the McNabites and his personality is such that the Hearstites will fall in line behind him. No, I cannot tell you his name. Every man has a chance to guess. Send in his name. A year's subscription to the **Graphic** for the first correct guess.

Five in the Field.

From what I can hear, John Burr of Fernando would be nominated by the Republicans for sheriff, were the county convention to be held tomorrow. Although the election will not be held until next year, the various candidates are "hot-footing" it in their endeavors to straighten and strengthen their fences. The shrievalty is the best office within the gift of the people of Los Angeles and the candidates already number five. Burr, I am informed, has the support of the machine and all its accessories, such as the "Young Republicans." He is in a good strategic position, from the fact that it is generally understood that the office will go to some one outside of Los Angeles city next time. Calvin Hartwell, the county recorder, also wants to be sheriff. He will come down from the Crown of the Valley with a solid delegation, pledged to "trade" anything and everything for him. The other candidates are from the city. First is W. A. Hammel, former sheriff and at present chief of police. I would hate to see Hammel return to the county office, not because I do not wish him the best of fortune, but because he is giving the city the best police administration it has ever had and I hope the city will have to make no more experiments. Sheriff White wants to succeed himself, but his backing, which consists of the Otis-Hughes-Robinson-Bulla-Wade combination, is not at present in any position to cut much political ice. Finally there is Werdin who foolishly yearns for a "vindication" at the hands of the people of the county for the beating that the people of the city gave him when

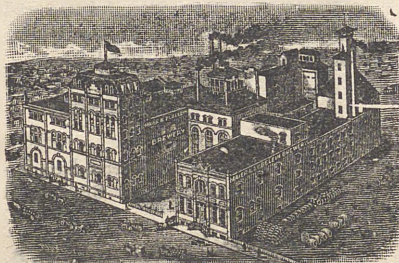
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he ran for street superintendent. If by any hook or crook he lands the nomination, which is almost inconceivable, he will be beaten to a frazzle by any good strong Democratic nominee, and that in a county that is as strongly Republican as many a state in the union.

Widening the Gulf.

The gulf between the Reformer and the Other Fellow is often widened by the Reformer himself. There is nothing more irritating to any man than for a fellow creature to adopt a "holier-than-thou" attitude. The most practical reformer will never miss an opportunity to "get next" to the practical politician. Both need the intimacy which is very apt to disturb their preconceived notions of each other. These reflections are caused by the pointed and published refusal of Mr. Charles Cassat Davis to break bread with the Schoolmasters' Club. In the past, the Schoolmasters have disliked Mr. Davis very poignantly and they concentrated their fire upon him in the late city campaign. Nevertheless the club invited Mr. Davis to be one of its guests of honor at its annual banquet last Saturday night, but Mr. Davis replied "We could not stultify ourselves by accepting your invitation." Personally, I cannot see how Judge Bicknell, Joseph Scott, J. M. Guinn and Emmet Wilson, who accepted the Schoolmasters' invitation, "stultified themselves." The olive branch was gracefully extended to them and they took it, making the most of the opportunity to found a friendship with the Schoolmasters. Even Mr. Davis cannot be more insistent than the *Graphic* that the Schools should be entirely divorced from politics, also the Library and every branch of the city government. But I fail to see how that divorce is to be furthered by Mr. Davis's giving the Schoolmasters an additional incentive to go after his scalp. "The standing, ability and experience of the nominees of the ticket (the non-partisan school board) has never been questioned to my knowledge," writes Mr. Davis. Which is very true. But it seems to me that Mr. Davis has given observers the opportunity to question both his breadth of vision and his magnanimity.

Little Charlie was very fond of watching his mother dress. One day, when she was brushing her hair, he exclaimed:

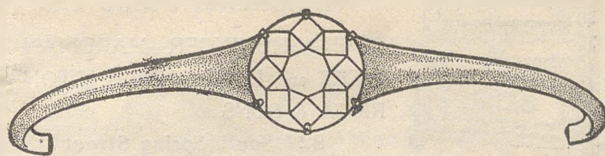
"Mamma, why does your hair snap so?"

"Because there is so much electricity in it," she replied.

Charlie sat looking at her for a few moments very thoughtfully, and then he could contain himself no longer, when he burst out with: "What a queer family we must be! Grandma has gas in her stomach and you have electricity in your hair."—Argonaut.

Altruistic Financiering.

"Say," said the Old-Timer as he came out of a certain bank, "this isn't like old times in Los Angeles. You don't remember old man Hollenbeck—he used to be president of the First National Bank. Now he made money, plenty of it, not as 'Shy' Hellman and the rest of them make it. I remember he had a custom of never taking a mortgage. When a man wanted to borrow money on his land, Hollenbeck would ask him 'How much is your place worth?' The man would put a valuation on it, and Hollenbeck would verify it. Then he would loan the man the money and make an agreement to buy the property at the valuation at the end of the term for



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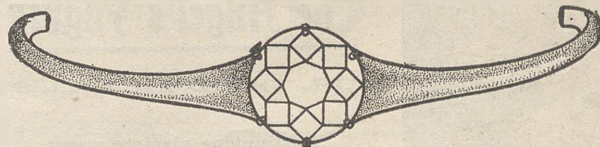
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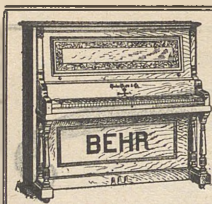
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In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, Augusta S. De Angelis, plaintiff, vs. Fred De Angelis, defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the Complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Fred De Angelis, defendant:

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this county; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract, or she will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 4th day of November A. D. 1903.

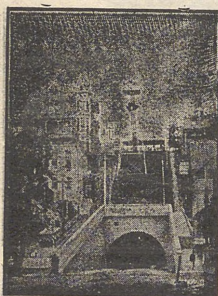
C. G. KEYES, Clerk.

By C. O. WINTERS,

Deputy Clerk.

W. P. L. Stafford, Attorney for plaintiff
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which the loan was made. If the man could pay, all right; if he could not, Hollenbeck would pay him the difference between what he had loaned him and what the valuation was at the time of the loan. There was no costly foreclosure, no grinding and squeezing in order to get a valuable bit of land for half price. If the land had gone up in value the borrower could sell it to any one else, but usually if he could not pay, he would go to Hollenbeck, turn his land over, have his note cancelled and be paid the balance of the selling value. That was what I call Altruistic financiering. What is it now? Well if you had seen the note I have just signed giving the bank the right to take security worth three to one what I've borrowed if I am five seconds late with my interest, you wouldn't print the words I would use to describe what I think of it."

Note Shavers.

Speaking of finance reminds me of a story that Theodore Summerland told me about a note shaver who is now dead, and gone whither there is gold to

be had for the scraping of the street pavement—I hope. "I endorsed a note for \$100 for a friend once with Soandso," said Theodore, "The man who borrowed the money died in a few months and I had to pay it, and I give you my word that note for twelve months figured up something like \$1,500. I refused to pay it and compromised on paying \$625. That was for \$100 for twelve months." I have an idea that some of the City Hall and Courthouse employees know such note shavers nowadays.

So Easy.

But it is not so difficult to make money if you have courage. There was my friend Frank Walsh, who took a \$5,000 share in a new beach resort company ten days ago. Frank offered to let me in on half of the share, and I came very near taking it, the only reason being that I did not have the \$2,500 in my pocket just then. On Wednesday I met Frank and he said, "I'm sorry that you did not take that share with me, for this morning I was offered \$10,000 for it." All he could have made was \$5,000 in the week. I say "could" for he refused the offer as he believes he will get \$20,000 for it in a few months: Easy? Yes, almost as easy as writing for a living.

"Do you think that wealth is essential to happiness?" "From some of the letters I receive," said Dustin Stax, "I am inclined to think a number of people consider some of my wealth essential to their happiness."

Four Applicants Examined.

Four young men, two from Los Angeles and two from San Diego, responded to the call for the examination of Harvard candidates, the first ever held in Southern California. Judge C. J. Ellis and the members of the Harvard Club are correspondingly happy that the plan to hold these examinations has been successfully inaugurated in this section of the state. Judge Ellis says that there must be at least 2000 applicants for admission, in all parts of the country, for the numbers of the papers of the young men examined here at the Harvard school ran well into the 1900's. Inasmuch as these examinations are to be a fixture in Los Angeles, it is expected that the member of applicants will materially increase.

Judge Ellis's Wishes.

I met Judge Ellis Wednesday afternoon and after telling me the facts about this initial examination, he said in a quiet manner: "I would give almost anything to be at Harvard this afternoon. Forty years ago—in 1865—I received my bachelor of arts degree. This afternoon many of the men I knew at Harvard will be there. President Roosevelt will be there. It will be a great day for Harvard and Harvard men. Forty years ago—it seems only a short time. I do not think that men realize the flight of time until they get along. To a boy ten years seems like a century; from the time a man is twenty until he is thirty it seems ten years; from thirty to forty the time is very short. When a man is past forty, his days seem fairly to fly. I would like to be at Harvard today above all things that I can now think about."

Serentas Espagnol.

My friend and colleague, Frederick Stevenson, will naturally refrain from commenting on that part of the Ellis Club's concert this week which was so distinctively his own. Yet it would be false modesty

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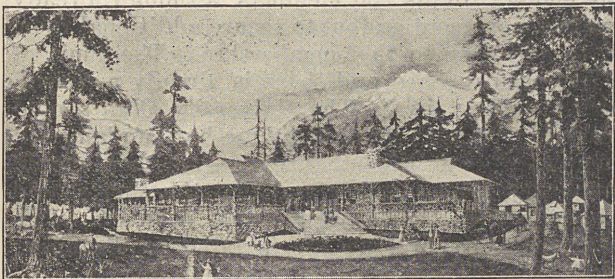
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for the **Graphic** to ignore—outside the musical department—the fact that Mr. Stevenson's two compositions provided the dominant feature of the concert. I happen to know with what devotion Mr. Stevenson applied himself to perfecting these two contributions to the Ellis Club. And that devotion was rewarded last Tuesday evening by an artistic triumph. The compositions are characteristic of the Spanish traditions of California. The composer has founded on old Mexican airs two serenatas of scholarly elaboration and of captivating grace. It seems peculiarly appropriate that a California composer should have thus preserved for posterity two such characteristic melodies and that the leading singing society of Southern California, the Ellis Club, should have been the first to reproduce them. The serenatas are picturesque enough in themselves, but an additional charm was lent to this rendition by the assistance of four graceful maidens, in Spanish costume, who supplied a castanet and tambourine obligato. The audience was so enthusiastic over "Leonor" that for once Judge Ellis abrogated the usual rule of the club and yielded to the insistent demand for an encore. Even thereafter half the audience on its way homeward must have been humming the impassioned Stevensonian phrase "Darling mine, haste thee!"

Are They Proselytising?

M. H. Newmark is in receipt of a handsomely printed and bound copy of the Book of Mormon, presented by Joseph Smith and other high dignitaries of the Mormon Church. The copy is suitably engraved, in recognition of the part taken by Mr. Newmark in the recent Los Angeles-Salt Lake jollification. And now come some kind friends of Mr. Newmark and suggest the horrible thought that perhaps Joseph Smith is proselytising.

Sueing for a Big Fee.

Jefferson Chandler, the well known Los Angeles and Washington lawyer, has begun suit in San Francisco through an assignee against the Free Gold Milling Company for \$83,700 as salary as attorney for the company since 1897. In that year he claims in his complaint he entered into a contract with the company to undertake all their law business for \$10,000 a year. He says that none of the amount due under the contract has been paid.

Pro Bono Publico.

It is only a decade since Al Levy has placed himself alongside Francatelli, Charlie Delmonico, Brillat Savarin, and other masters of gastronomic art. And, yet, so earnest, so liberal, and so successful has he been as a caterer that a feeling akin to melancholy is excited by gazing at the building being dismantled where so many elaborate dinners and brilliant banquets have been given during that decade. Levy has demonstrated that a well-broiled cut or cutlet and a well-made cup of coffee or tea, or a five or six course dinner assisted by half a bottle of prime California wine or a stein of Los Angeles beer, may be indulged in by any one at small expense, and that as sumptuous a club or society layout may be prepared as at any refectory in any land. Scores of alumni and association dinners, with their inseparable speeches, in which many of our best and ablest men have taken part, have occurred in Al Levy's famous restaurant which ten years ago

was little more than a "hole in the wall." The Sunset Club, in particular, has had its monthly dinners and symposia at Levy's for six or seven years, and many a gastronome has pleased his palate with the offering of Al's maitre de' hotel and aired his erudition and classicism in post-prandial efforts and oftentimes exhibited that peculiar eloquence that once heard is never forgotten. The Newman Club, too, has enjoyed many a delightful repast and feast of reason within the walls now being demolished, and the Knights of Columbus have had some glorious occasions where now is only heard the falling of old timbers, and brickwork within these banquet halls destroyed. But the lights have not gone out forever: indeed, before the close of the year a veritable palace will have risen in place of the old restaurant, which in gorgeousness and perfection of plan will be to Los Angeles what the new Café Riche is to the other restaurants of Paris. No money nor methods will be spared to make the new restaurant equal to the best in the world, and to make its china, its silver and glassware, its cuisine and service second to none in any land.

Limited Membership.

The University Club is very happy in its ideally cosy new home on Hill street. The quarters are quite large enough for its 250 members, although already there is a movement on foot to secure additional room and to add fifty to the membership. The limit of 250 has been reached and there is already a considerable "waiting list." The University Club should be loth to part with its now unique but fundamental principle of club life—that every member should know every other member and that the club should be a collective "home" for every member. This enviable feature of club life is fated to disappear as soon as a club grows ambitious to "put on airs" and permit its membership to become unwieldy. A club is not made by the splendor of its quarters or the sumptuousness of its furniture but by the congeniality of its members. The University Club has as yet this priceless feature which it should guard jealously. The club has made a satisfactory lease of its ground floor to a first class restaurateur, and its cafe was opened this week for luncheons only at present. It will be interesting to clubmen to note how this experiment works. The deficit from a club's own restaurant is the most serious problem that directors have to face, but at the same time University Club members will be deprived of one of their most prized prerogatives—that of diurnal "kicks" against the club kitchen and the house committee.

Death of a Superior Woman.

The mere newspaper mention of the death of Mrs. Julia Burnett, widow of James G. Burnett, a well-known New Yorker thirty-odd years ago, and mother of Charles Howard Burnett of the Southern Pacific Co., which occurred in Los Angeles on Wednesday a week ago, conveys only the startling intelligence that came like a shock to her few but beloved friends in California, where she had been an annual visitor for the past three or four years, spending her summers in and about the Yosemite and her winters in Los Angeles and Pasadena. Mrs. Burnett had been in poor health for several years; but owing to the

The Lion, the Hen and the Jackal

A Public Library Fable

The noblest, most majestic and strongest of Beasts had exhausted the joys and the tests of the Forest. He had roamed the Jungle from one end to the other, and his authority along his own Line was unquestioned. No longer did he have to hunt for Game. Gladly the Subdued Ones brought their tribute to his feet. They fetched him not only Food, but Curious Stores, relics of their various races, for the Lion grew interested in their quaint ways and determined to establish a Museum.

But, at last, growing weary of the homage paid him by the Wild Ones, the Lion determined to make an excursion beyond the Bad Lands. His Peculiar Appearance attracted attention whithersoever he roamed. Curiously enough, some of his own sex did not recognize that he was a Lion, although he proclaimed himself as such, and his mane was long and his Roar made a great Noise. But the Other Sex at once recognized that he was a Lion, and they all love Lions.

In the neighborhood that the Lion selected for a Lair, there was a large, beautiful and very refined Hen Yard. The hens were the wisest and most aggressive of their species. Their most envied peculiarity was that they needed no Cock to crow for them. They could make sufficient Noise of their own accord, but occasionally they asked a Distinguished Rooster to address them. When they learned that a real, live Lion might be induced to roar for them, a Lion that was almost tame and could be admitted

into the society even of hens without serious results, they fell over each other in their keenness to invite him to the Hennery. He came, he roared and he conquered. He convinced the hens that he was a Lion. They asked him again and yet again to the Hennery and always made much of him.

One day the Lion noticed that a dear little Hen had always in front of her a specially prepared Dish, the smell of which was exceedingly savory and attractive. Whenever the Lion was near the dish his nostrils extended. One of the Lion's greatest admirers was a Jackal. The Jackal did not like the little Hen. She had once lit on his tail, mistaking it for a roost. The Jackal determined to punish the Little Hen for such an impertinence. And the Jackal knew that the Lion would look very fine with the Little Hen's dish set in front of him. But the Lion was so magnanimous and independent that he would not go after the Dish himself. So, one day, when the Little Hen and her Sisters were off their guard, the Jackal stole the Dish, and setting it on a silver platter, put it in front of the Lion. But before the Lion could take it, the rest of the Hens started such a cackling that even the Lion's roar could not be heard and the Entire Neighborhood was disturbed. The Little Hen's Sisters insisted that there should be an inquiry as to how, when and where the Little Hen had injured the Jackal's tail feathers. Now, even the ordinary Rooster is in doubt whether the Lion will, after all, get away with the Little Hen's daily dish.

excellent climatic conditions of California she had improved rather than retrograded, and the stroke of apoplexy which terminated her life was an unexpected means of demise. It seemed the cruel taking away of a gentle and beautiful woman whose whole life has been devoted to making all breathing things happy even to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. She had been quite a traveler and was for many years a leading member of societies in New York and elsewhere whose purpose is to succor and keep from harm all the creatures that God has made. And unlike most all other strictly philanthropic and pitying souls, she was as radiant as a sunbeam and made joyous and affectionate any circle or coterie graced by her delightful and truly angelic presence. To know her was to love her, and the world loses a precious spirit through her sudden death.

Miss Anthony's Visit.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who is expected to honor the Venice congress with her presence, is in correspondence with her cousin, Miss Jessie Anthony of this city, and in a recent letter stated that she would not be in Southern California until the latter part of July. I believe Miss Anthony is most interested in the suffrage mass meeting to be held here, and she has promised to talk before the suffragists. Dr. Anna Shaw will speak at the congress, and it looks as if the local club women would make a success of their three days in the session.

As to the suffragists, writes my club correspondent,

there is a rumor afloat that local jealousy may dampen the glory of the proposed grand union of forces for a demonstration here. An effort is being made to suppress the ambition of one woman now in office, who is credited with serving the suffrage cause only that she may occupy a salaried position when the ballot is conferred upon women. If such an idea is not considered unpatriotic and grasping by the average masculine politician, it comes in that category with the women, and they say they will insist on unselfish labor of love only in connection with the campaign. The undercurrent of disturbance may reach the surface in the course of a few weeks. If so, the harmony of the Anthony reception will receive a severe shock.

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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

Aren't you a wee bit weary of that over-worked term "Strenuous?" But what did we ever do without it before President T. R. made it fashionable? Everyone and everything is nothing if not "strenuous" these days. I met a bridegroom this week, who, in response to my congratulations remarked "Yes! it is a strenuous life!" Go into the stores down town and you are quite overcome with their ardent strenuosity. A little while ago we mildly remarked, when we were rushed to death (socially or otherwise) that there was "something doing," but now we simply answer "strenuous." That at least was my experience in the city stores only yesterday.

In the Ville de Paris where the big removal sale is in full force and the counters are simply crowded with eager bargain-hunters, one cannot but commend the word. While I was in the Ville I watched the arranging of the new display of the loveliest wool dress suits—grey and tan and brown tweeds, in the very latest style, some with long Newmarket coats and some tight-fitting, tucked ones, as well as tucked fitted skirts. Though they had only just been unpacked they all received the general "cut" in prices that prevails through the whole establishment. At this rate I should imagine Monsier Fusenot will have disposed of every blessed thing in his store before it is time for his entrance into his new building. Horrid thought! He may have to take to auctioning off his staff and lo! there are some pretty maidens there all right. But these light tweed suits are loves, Harriet, and most becoming, and, not being lined, are cool enough for all summer.

When next you come to town, do not fail to devote at least an hour to the Los Angeles Furniture Company's new building on Spring street between Sixth and Seventh streets. Even if you do not want to buy anything, you will find most courteous clerks willing to show you around, and you will certainly have "ambitions," at least, before you leave. I defy you to inspect one floor of this most handsome and artis-

tic store without seeing a dozen things that you want for your "House Beautiful," and when you visit that wonderful suite of art rooms you will promptly be inspired to new ideals. And at this establishment you can have your own ideas carried out, for the Los Angeles Furniture Company makes Los Angeles furniture. You will see some beautiful specimens of their handiwork. When you have completed your plans for that "Dutch den" just explain them to Mr. Art Harris, who is the company's most artistic designer. You won't mind if he improves on them! Whatever they are the Los Angeles Furniture Co. can realize them for you.

In the Boston Store this week I was shown their new stock of ladies' fancy and plain hose. A stocking, you know, used to be simply a useful garment, not over given to a desire for display, but nowadays "Hose" with a capital H means a lovely embroidered lacey bit of lingerie, made to match the gown and shoe in every conceivable color. Bright greens and blues in sheerest silk, and even burnt onion. Fancy having onion colored limbs! But though it doesn't sound nice they were perfectly lovely. Some with forget-me-nots and golden rods spraying kneewards, and others with finest lace open-worked "tootsy-wootsies." The sweet vendor of these attractions explains that it is the thing nowadays to purchase your shoes in any shade to match the gown, and then bring them into the Boston Store and at her counter mate them with the stockings. They undertake at the Boston Store also to dye their finest white lisle or silken hose to match any apparently impossible shade desired. Another new idea in this store which seems to me ought to be a very great joy to ladies during the warm weather, I saw attached to the front and sides of a corset. It is a new model of a sort of protective shield and is easily attached to the front of a dainty silk corset, thus preventing any possibility of ruining a pretty cover. These new ideas in shields are not made of rubber, can be easily washed and are of course ever so much neater than those of old, that always would hump up in the wrong place. It is a useful invention this, and can not fail to please, for you know, my dear girl, that more things than "murder" "will out."

You haven't, I imagine, yet seen the latest thing for ladies in Golf, Beach and Yachting suits this summer, have you? Well you call up a vision of a pretty boy in a Peter Thompson Sailor Suit, change the boy to pretty grown-up girl, and there you have the latest to be had at Matheson and Berner's at the corner of Third and Broadway. They have the dandiest

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This store makes a specialty of worthy brands of underwear in seasonable weights and textures.

In hosiery we are prepared to perfectly match different shades of shoes or costumes. Contrasting effects in hosiery are also in good form.

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selection of these suits in white serges, flannels, linen, suits in blues and browns and whites, all made with blouse waists and laced up sailor skirts. Anchors in all colors and designs on sleeves and vest just like the children's, and you know these Peter Thompson suits have a way of making a homely child desirable, not to say "kissable." How when worn by a pretty summer girl? Matheson and Berner's is the only place in town where you can get these suits and, my dear, they only cost in serge twenty dollars a suit and in linen fifteen.

Talking of linens, though, of a more dressy kind you never saw anything more delightfully artistic and pretty than the new lawn embroidered dress patterns at Coulter's new store. They come in one-pattern suits in finest lawn or white linen, all ready to make up with beautiful mercerized linen embroidered flounces three deep in graded widths and insertion of the same for the waists. I saw a lovely blue one in lawn, embroidered in white and only twelve dollars, that made me yearn. I don't see how they can sell such handsome, full patterns with so much embroidery for that price. They were going at a "rapid fire gun pace," so they ought to be looked at at once as Coulter's people don't keep these treasures very long in stock. They come in and go out again in a rush.

I had to go into George P. Taylor's swell store to purchase a stock for my better half. We know, my dear, don't we, that 'tis nicer to part with one's pin money and be beforehand in matters of this kind for one's man, than to hear his remarks anent the general infamy of the laundry as he writhes over a raw-edged necktie, of a golfing Sunday morning. So Taylor's being the place that caters to the correct thing I hied me there, and saw several very chic new things in linen summer waist coats in every shade and style, and a new line in men's tucked dress shirts, which I understand are the O. K. thing this season to wear with the comfortable Tuxedo. Men must have their little vanities, poor dears, and though you and I may prefer the good old-style, plain, smooth shirt front, these tucked pleated affairs are very stylish no doubt, and the very latest thing at Taylor's. It occurred to me that they might have a hidden virtue, in that they would not show up if there had been anything crushing against them the weeest little bit, as unkindly as do the smooth, placid affairs one has to be so horribly careful of, when saying good night or anything! But well! That is another story!

Yours affectionately,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., June Twenty-nine.



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Over The Teacups

Jessie Padgham's latest matrimonial venture has been the theme of some gossip this week. She is now Mrs. F. A. Knight, wife of the city attorney of Long Beach, and this is the fourth time that the popular singer has changed her name. When as Jessie Padgham her sweet voice was attracting attention in Los Angeles, she was a friend of the Judge Chapman family, and often was seen with the talented Chapman girls. The tragedy just after she became Mrs. Passmore caused a sensation in Los Angeles society. It will be remembered that the groom was arrested on a grave charge, and sentenced to prison. The bride secured a divorce, and later was married to W. W. Conant of this city. This venture also was followed soon with a divorce, the union proving unhappy, and Jessie showed that her love for her first husband was not dead. She remarried him after his release, and until the time of his death the couple enjoyed domestic harmony. A recent tragic incident in connection with the unusual history of the fair singer is that Mr. Conant committed suicide in St. Louis last May. Mrs. Knight is a blond, and of attractive personality. She is gifted with a splendid voice and would have been a general social favorite had not her ambition for stage life led her elsewhere.

Old fashioned, even in the genuine enjoyment of those who participated, was the Friday Morning Club closing function. There were ladies who looked as if they had stepped out of that quaint book "Cranford"—dainty figures made up in the style when the widest of wide skirts and the pokiest of poke bonnets were in fashion and some of these picturesque garbed women were wearing heirlooms that had been in their families for many years. It was the older club members who undertook to personate the "Cranford Ladies," and they were able to borrow a bit of mannerism even from their own recollections of the long ago. But the Cranford folk were only a part of the gay picture presented at the club house, for costumes of almost every period were

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 AND SEE **AROUND**
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seen. There was a minuet for entertainment, and with Miss Neally Stevens in charge a flower fantasy was presented. By the way, the Friday Morning Club is proud of its new officers, installed at this last meeting of the year, and well it may be. Mrs. Ernest K. Foster, who succeeds Mrs. Roy Jones as president, has only admirers in the club, and if indications can be trusted, she will have a successful year, for there is none to criticise or feel sore because another candidate was not chosen, although I still maintain that if Mrs. Jones had desired to be a candidate she would have given Mrs. Foster a close race for the honors.

The presentation of Madame Severance's picture at this final session was a delightful incident, and I hear the women are lionizing the artist who produced it. He is Maurice Gaspard, a modest, unassuming person who has little to say about himself or his work, but at the same time those who are versed in matters of art know that he has a reputation throughout the United States. He is a warm friend of Samuel T. Clover, and the first story ever written by the clever journalist was illustrated by Mr. Gaspard for one of the Eastern magazines. Both writer and artist were then on the threshold of their professional careers. Mr. and Mrs. Gaspard have come here to live and are being welcomed by many of the best people in Los Angeles. The picture of Mme. Severance was a gift from the artist to the club.

"Have you decided where you will spend the summer?" "No," answered Mr. Kepdown; "I'm going to let my wife decide this year. She used to wake me up in the dead of the night last summer to remind me that I picked the place out."
 —Detroit Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dobinson entertained about three hundred friends with a delightful and scholarly recital in Dobinson Hall last Saturday evening. The readings given by both Mr. and Mrs. Dobinson covered a wide range from the classics of Shakespeare and Moliere to Drummond's habitant poems and darkey dialect.

Dr. and Mrs. D. C. Barber and their son Allyn Herschel will leave next week for a two months' trip

to Portland and the Northwest. After the session of the National Medical Association at Portland they will go to Canada, their trip extending as far as Banff. Mrs. Barber will remain in San Francisco for a brief period on the return trip.

Miss Phila B. Johnson has chosen Wednesday, Sept. 27 for the day of her wedding to Mr. Lawrence Burck. The ceremony will be performed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gail B. Johnson, 345 Westlake Ave.

Mr. and Mrs. Avery McCarthy will spend their honeymoon in San Francisco, at Del Monte and the Potter, Santa Barbara. Later on, they contemplate a European trip. Mr. McCarthy is building a summer home for his bride at Redondo, which, however, will not be ready for occupancy until October.

Mrs. William Dargie of Oakland has joined the coterie of clever women at the Potter in Santa Barbara. The ladies are enjoying golf, tennis, swimming and driving. Several impromptu musicales have been given. Recently the guests were entertained by Mrs. William B. Wightman of San Francisco, who is an unusually clever guitar player, and by vocal selections by Mrs. Reginald Norris and Mrs. Dargie. Mrs. Norris sang in French and Mrs. Dargie rendered several Spanish songs with guitar accompaniment. Mrs. Edgar Keithley played selections from Chopin most artistically.

Among the fair strangers who will be in Southern California this summer is Miss Georgiana Hodge, a bright girl from Denver, who is visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Nichols, her aunt and uncle. Miss Hodge is a pretty young woman, with a charm of personality that wins admiration.

Speaking of the sea shore, an enormous number of cottages have been engaged at Ocean Park and Venice, and when the warm weather does arrive there will be a rush out of town. If I am correctly informed, Brighton Beach is to have no hotel accommodations this year. That means quiet cottage life and not too much of that for the place, and the situation is being deplored by scores of those from the younger set who were wont to seek this attractive resort as the most desirable place to go for a summer outing. The hotel was constantly the center of gayety, and no amount of entertaining at the cottages will make up for its loss.

The Milo M. Potters have gone out of town to pass the glorious Fourth where fire crackers do not molest and where bombs do not break through and frighten the timid out of their wits. Mrs. Potter has announced that she will be in the city again July 5. Until then, the fire cracker and the small boy may have their sweet will here. Too much Independence day celebration is driving more than one family either out of town or to the point of distraction, and sentiment against the deadly fireworks that young America considers his right on the Fourth is growing. Why is it, somebody asked me the other day, that a peace loving country celebrates the fact of its independence with war-like suggestions? The wars are over, let us have peace—even on July Fourth.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Solano are in New York.

Mrs. C. B. Nichols of 818 Lake street is entertaining Miss Georgia Hodge of Denver.

Mrs. H. Clay Gooding and Mr. Clay P. Gooding of 1926 South Grand avenue are at Catalina.

Mrs. Adele M. Ball, 1806 West Sixth street, has as her guest Mrs. Sarah Johnson of Muscatine, Iowa.

Mrs. J. Heyman and Miss Olga Heyman sail next week for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Schiappa Pietra of Alvarado street left this week for Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Salzman have moved into their new home at 1332 Westlake avenue.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donato is the guest of Mrs. Lewis Clark Carlisle at Terminal Island.

Mrs. Thomas McCaffery and Miss Gertrude McCaffery leave tomorrow for Portland.

Mrs. Harry L. Bixby of St. James Park is staying with Mrs. Jotham Bixby of Ocean avenue, Long Beach.

The Misses Caroline Trask, Lucy Howell, Ora Raze, Wyllie Anderson and Adele Gray returned this week from Wellesley College.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus H. Herron have taken a house at Santa Barbara for the summer. Miss Edith M. Herron is visiting her cousins, Lieut. and Mrs. S. L. Graham at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Letts of 675 Rampart street have taken a cottage at Ocean Park for the summer.

Gov. Toole of Montana, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Rosecrans, has gone to Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Wellington Burke and Miss Ruth Burke have returned to 3000 Halldale avenue.

Miss Maude Lampman Sargent of 1036 South Bonnie Brae street left this week for Oregon.

Dr. and Mrs. William R. Jones of 322 South Olive street are at Chautauqua Lake, New York, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fielding J. Stilson of 812 Kensington Road are the guests of Mme. Modjeska at Arden this week.

Mrs. Emil Straus and Miss Ella Straus of 1000 West Tenth street leave today for a five weeks' Eastern trip.

Mrs. J. Lyser of 725 Hartford avenue has returned from a three months' northern trip.

Mrs. Emmeline Childs and her daughter Hortense sailed from Boston for Europe last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Callendar have taken the Sterry cottage at Terminal Island for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Salsman have moved into their new home at 1332 Westlake avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Benson Tibbot have returned to 1639 St. Andrews Place.

Among the Angelenos recently at the Potter, Santa Barbara, were Mr. E. L. Hendricks, Mr. C. A. Dopp, Mr. E. Mehesy, jr. and Miss A. Rollins.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Braun are touring Alaska, and will not return to Los Angeles until late in August.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Fitzgerald left this week for the Yosemite. Subsequently they will visit Lake Tahoe and Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Floyd Hammond have moved from Twenty-eighth and Hoover streets to 1101 West Twenty-eighth street.

Mrs. Henry R. Coate of 940 S. Broadway is entertaining Mrs. A. C. Briney and Miss Margery Needles of Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. John F. Francis, who has been dividing the past six weeks between New York, Philadelphia and Washington, is at present in Newport.

Mrs. A. N. Wilcox, accompanied by her son Alfred and her daughter, Mrs. Longstreet, leaves here today for Santa Barbara to spend the Fourth at the Potter.

Mrs. G. A. Parkyns and her mother have been spending the week at Wawona, Signal Peak and the Mariposa Big Trees, and are now in the Yosemite Valley.

James P. Burns is in San Francisco.

Rev. J. S. Glass, president of St. Vincent College, has gone East.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Lendrum of London, England, after a trip to Mexico, have returned to their old quarters at the Arcadia, Santa Monica.

Mrs. T. J. Griffiss and Miss Blanche Griffiss of Baltimore, Md., are visiting their son and brother, Mr. Wilmot Griffiss, at Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica.

Receptions, Etc.

June 24.—Pine Forest Whist Club; lunch at Angelus and theater party at the Belasco.

June 24.—Mrs. Henry R. Coate, 940 South Broadway; theater party at the Belasco for Mrs. A. C. Briney and Miss Margery Needles of Memphis, Tenn.

June 24.—Miss Minnie de Wolf, 1062 West Thirtieth street; for Miss Juanita Lucille Eagar.

June 24.—Mr. and Mrs. George A. Dobinson, Dobinson School; reception.

June 24.—Mrs. Adele Ball, 1806 W. Sixth street; luncheon.

June 25.—Mrs. C. M. Shannon, 2405 West Sixth street; tea for Miss Susan Howard.

June 26.—Tourist section, Ebell Club; card party.

June 26.—Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gillelen, 1229 South Main street; for Catalina Card Club.

June 26.—Miss Ethelwyn Walker, 1125 Lake street; for Alpha Gamma Sigma Sorority of Marlborough School.

June 27.—Mrs. M. A. C. Griffith, 1619½ West Seventh street; card party for Miss Leontine Denker.

June 27.—Mrs. Wesley Clark and Miss Lucille Clark, 234 West Adams street; dancing.

June 27.—Miss Edith Campbell, 1050 West Twenty-third street; for Miss Ethel Shaw of San Diego and Miss Cynthia Fay.

June 28.—Mrs. C. O. Anderson, 1324 West Washington street; for Poppy Whist Club.

June 28.—Mrs. C. B. Nichols, 818 Lake street; card party for Miss Georgia Hodge of Denver.

June 28.—Mrs. W. H. Townsend, Fay Villa, Hollywood; for Southern California Women's Press Club.

June 29.—Mrs. C. F. A. Last, 742 Bonnie Brae street; card party for Miss Leontine Denker.

June 29.—Miss Alice Gwynne and Miss Irene Kelly, 241 West Adams street; reception.

June 29.—Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips, Menlo avenue; card party for Miss Angelita Phillips.

June 30.—Mrs. R. H. Howell, West Seventh street; for Mrs. Mark B. Lewis of Birmingham, Ala.

June 30.—Miss Ethel M. Worthington, 1032 Westlake avenue; card party for Miss Ruth Bosbyshell.

June 30.—Mr. and Mrs. Southworth, Baldwin and Hancock streets; for Busy Bee Literary Society.

June 30.—Mrs. W. H. Townsend, Fay Villa, Hollywood; reception.

Anastasia's Date Book

July 1.—Miss Mayme Young, 802 West Seventh street; for Students' Musical Club.

Recent Weddings

June 27.—Miss Anna Malingren, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Malingren, to Mr. Wilford Adams McGray at 1533 Gramercy Place.

June 28.—Miss Susan Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Howard, to Mr. E. Avery McCarthy, at 156 W. Twenty-fifth street.

June 28.—Miss Clara Dolores Enz to Mr. John A. Bothuynne, in St. Mary's Church.

June 28.—Miss Juanita Eagar to Dr. James A. Jackson, in St. John's Episcopal Church.

June 28.—Miss Metta Glennie Oyler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Oyler, 1229 West Tenth street, to Mr. A. Edwin Shahan, in Trinity M. E. Church.

June 28.—Miss Della Edith Hunsaker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyeurgus Hunsaker, to Mr. Frank Murphy, at Hotel Southern.

June 29.—Miss Florence Childs Vickers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Vickers of 624 West Twenty-eighth street, to Mr. Frank Allister McAllister, in St. John's Episcopal Church.

June 29.—Miss Elizabeth Casler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton B. Casler, 932 South Bonnie Brae street, to the Rev. W. C. Botkin, in Westlake M. E. Church.

Approaching Wedding

July 12.—Miss Alice Wilkie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wilkie of 2039 Dayton avenue, to Mr. Reginald R. Rogers of Santa Ana, at 649 South Sichel street.

Engagements.

Miss Gerta Deane Hatch, daughter of Mrs. B. Hatch, 929 Francisco street, to Mr. George A. Crandall.

Miss Ada Mae Lemon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Cartlick of 912 Sunset Boulevard, to Mr. Alva Ravenscroft.

Miss Mame Hambright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hambright, 1221 West Fourth street, to Mr. Lucien J. Durnerin.



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301 Bradbury Bldg.

On the Stage and Off

"Soldiers of Fortune," Richard Harding Davis's virile and picturesque drama of a South American toy revolution, is being given an excellent presentation at the Belasco this week. In many respects the Belasco production is distinctly superior to that given by Robert Edeson and the "original" New York company at the Mason a year or so ago. Notably, the Belasco management excels in the mounting of the play. It is high tribute, indeed, to the taste and resources of the management of a stock company, when its scenery for a play to be used one week is superior to that of the "original" company devoting its reason to the single play. But Mr. Belasco's policy is to give his patrons only the best in scenic embellishment and his ability is equal to his policy.

In appearance White Whittlesey is all that could be desired for Davis's hero; he might at any time secure an engagement as a model for Charles Dana Gibson. But there is something—hardly definable—lacking in the virility of Mr. Whittlesey's performance. It is eminently picturesque, sufficiently strenuous, but more the "beau ideal" than the real thing. Mr. Davis is, perhaps, partly to blame. In the big scene of the play,—the attack of the insurgents upon the Presidential palace,—the hero, Robert Clay, does a vast amount of running across the stage, peering out of the windows and gallant posturing. He even takes his kid gloves off to hurl the filthy lucre at the starved soldiery and the maddened mob outside the palace, but where is that most persuasive of arguments in such a situation—his gun? We know he has one. In the first act he has displayed his marksmanship by shattering the neck of a beer bottle for the edification of the cowering Mendoza, and in the last act he thrusts his little argument against the chief conspirator's abdomen. But where is that little derringer in that part of the play which simply yawns for at least its protuberance in Clay's hip-pocket?

Mr. Barnum in an anxiety to make the most of the character of MacWilliams detracts from the rugged Scotch restraint which should distinguish it. There is too much fantastic comedy in Mr. Barnum's conception. And I grieve to notice that so excellent an actor as Mr. Barnum is falling into an entirely unworthy habit of addressing his "points" directly to the audience, palpably waiting for their seizure and emphasizing them for additional applause. Mr. Barnum is too artistic an actor to sacrifice his art for such baubles. He is one of the best and one of the most popular actors Los Angeles has ever enjoyed. He should not let the prize of popularity interfere with the worth of his work.

The delightful character of Hope Langham finds a very earnest, deft, and captivating impersonator in little Fanny Yantis. She plays the part with keen spirit. The elder sister is portrayed with distinction by Miss Bertha Blanchard, an actress of obvious experience and the precious gift of a musical voice, trained to clear articulation. Miss Lawton does full justice to the proud person and melancholy mein of Mme. Alvarez.

Most of the remaining support is amply satisfac-

tory. In the portly New York capitalist, the perturbed papa Langham, James Bliss find a part to exactly fit his girth. Louis Bishop Hall makes one of the deserved hits of the performance by his clean-cut and droll portrait of Capt. Burke, with the half smoked cigar in the corner of his mouth as immoveable as the rest of his features. Mr. Dempster might be less self-conscious if he were to divest himself of his corsets. Edward Lynch deserves more than a line for the excellence of his Manuel.

There are twenty-two speaking parts in "Soldiers of Fortune," and with many of the regular stock company holiday-making it is remarkable that the Belasco forces can stand the strain so satisfactorily.

I am one of the firm believers in the theory that the most salutary feature of the American stage is the strength of its stock companies. A very practical demonstration of that theory is to be seen nowadays at the Belasco theater.

R. H. C.

"Mizpah," the pseudo-Biblical play, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Luscombe Searelle, has been revived this week at the Burbank. Its initial performance here three months ago did not arouse my enthusiasm, and I shall be surprised if it ever realizes the sanguine prognostications of its authors' press agents. The cast has been considerably strengthened by the inclusion of Lillian Lamson and William Bernard. Miss Lamson's Vashti is an immeasurable improvement, infusing into the character a force and fire that was absolutely beyond the limitations of the actress who first attempted it. I am surprised that Miss Lamson's services are not more in frequent request at the Burbank. Possibly Manager Morosco yields to a prevailing opinion among managers, which I believe is a delusion, that the public does not like to see man and wife in the same company. Miss Lamson off the stage happens to be Mrs. William Desmond.

William Bernard on this occasion assumes the role of Haman and gives a very forceful performance.

Desmond's Ahasuerus is one of the best pieces of work this promising young actor has put to his credit. He still makes his appearance far too youthful, if the Biblical character or even the character denoted by the play is of any account.

The bright, brisk bill at the Orpheum this week pleases all tastes. William Gould and Valeska Suratt unload new songs and new jokes and walk away with the risibilities of the audience. Ford and Gehrue, supported by eight daughters of Terpsichore, form an ambitious and attractive turn. La Jolie Titecomb is still displaying her charms—more than ever this week. For the rest, there are trick bicyclists, horse-play comedians, the excellent Empire City Quartet, a rather ineffective conjurer and motion pictures.

"Across the Pacific" at the Grand is a lively melodrama, warranted to thrill and also excite patriotic cheers. A squad from the Seventh Regiment, N. G. C. and a Gatling gun help to give vraisemblance to the military spectacle. This is the last play in which Miss Ethel Clifton will appear here this season, Miss Anna Roberts, a Los Angeles girl, who made a success with the same company last year, succeeding her.

Trusty Tips To Playgoers

Morosco's—The stock company will be seen next week in "The Red, White and Blue." The piece has never before been seen in Los Angeles although it is an established favorite in many of the Eastern cities. The cast is a long one, allowing full display of the Burbank forces. Miss Rose King and little Fay Bainter have been especially engaged to play important roles in this production. The management will give a special matinee Tuesday afternoon in addition to the regular Sunday and Saturday afternoon performances.

Belasco's—"Nay, Nay, Pauline!" It is many years since the justly famous play "The Lady of Lyons" was seen on local boards. White Whittlesey and the Belasco Stock Company promise a revival next week that should be exceedingly interesting. Mr. Whittlesey's Claude Malnotte is certain to enlist the sympathies of all the ladies.

Orpheum—Bessie French, a nine-year-old girl who is fortunate enough to be the possessor of a phenomenal voice will be the headliner next week. She will sing operatic as well as popular selections. Miss Lillian Shaw, dialect comedienne, will bring her imitations of the feminine branches of the Hebrew and Italian races. Fred's Monkey Actors cannot fail to be interesting and amusing. Lavine and Leonard, automobile and bicycle eccentrics, will introduce a novelty of their own. Ford and Gehrue and their Daisy Girls, Wm. Gould and Valeska Suratt, Smith and Cook, and Fred Hurd will complete the bill. There will be a special matinee on the Fourth.

Grand—Next week the Ulrich Stock Company will present "Only a Shop Girl," declared to be an intensely interesting and thrilling melodrama, dealing with the life of girls who are employed in great department stores. This play was written by a woman who was well acquainted with the conditions of the people who are found in the piece, and is said to be startlingly true to life. One of the features of the week will be the return of Miss Anna Roberts, the popular Los Angeles girl, as leading woman of the company. Miss Roberts will be remembered as having played leading parts with the Ulrich Company during the latter part of last season.

Long Beach Chautauqua L. E. BEHYMER Manager

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A Faithful Picture, Drawn by a Woman, of the Condition
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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Special Matinee, Tuesday, 4th of July

Week Commencing Monday, July 3rd

Bessie French, Child Prima Donna; Lillian Shaw, Dialect
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Auto and Bicycle Eccentrics; Wm. Gould and Valeska
Suratt; Smith and Cook, "Two Millionaires;" Fred Hurd,
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Stars et al.

Bernard Shaw is writing a play around a female "major" in the Salvation Army.

Eleanor Robson will be seen at the Mason Opera House in October in Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann."

J. M. Barrie's "Alice Sit by the Fire" is to be played in this country with Ethel Barrymore as Alice.

Charles McLellan, author of "Leah Kleschna," has finished a new comedy, "Genius and Wealth." Ellis Jeffreys will act the chief woman's part in it.

Tod Sloan is to go upon the stage. It is in vaudeville that he will make his entry. His first big appearance is to be made at the Alhambra, in London.

Eddie Hanlon, the lightweight fighter, made his debut as an actor at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco, last Sunday in the sporting drama, "The Best to Win."

William H. Crane is delighted with the reading of his new play, which he will do in New York early in October. The title is "An American Lord." Mr. Crane is now "taking the waters" at Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. Maclyn Arbuckle, who have been visiting Mr. Arbuckle's parents in St. Louis since the close of "The County Chairman" season, are at Waddington, N. Y., where the star will live the life of a farmer, close to the soil, until the reopening of "The County Chairman" in the fall. Some time about mid-season he will appear in a new play.

A Japanese theatrical troupe is touring Germany under the management of Wasa. They are producing two plays, "Ronin" (The Poor Nobleman) and "Fatum." The fact that Kuroki appears in the first play lends additional interest. Considering that few persons among the audience understand anything that is being said in Japanese, the troupe is drawing surprisingly good houses.

In the Musical World

Deservedly leading last week's concerts, by virtue of the musicianly character of its work, unquestionably stands the Thursday evening performance of the Woman's Lyric Club.

Several important elements conspire to give this fine body of voices a ready ride to unusual purity of style. In the first place, the club is largely made up of soloists of recognized standing, and even those outside this charmed circle are for the most part garnered from the younger and fresher voices of the city. Again, the music is as a rule well and wisely chosen, the fire-away-hammer-and-tongs type being given a wide berth. Finally, Mr. Poulin plainly understands that delicacy is the chief charm of woman—in the sphere of music as in all else.

That Mr. Poulin has attained even approximate perfection in the several elements of his work I do not claim for one moment. But Mr. Poulin is still comparatively young and he is learning rapidly under the fire of experience to bring out effects of which, apparently, he had no inkling of a year ago.

Thus, one may sit back contentedly and feel gratefully sure that even in the broader moods of the Schubert "God in Nature" there will be no attempt made to force a pretty band of pretty women into yelling like a lot of Comanches merely for the sake of a supposed climax. One may do this occasionally with men—one should do it occasionally—but with women, never.

It is for this reason that I like not the heavy things for women. Rather should we choose the airy, the filmy, the dainty, the gossamer—shall we call it the lingerie of music?—the peek-a-boo, the be-frilled, the lace-edged, the—oh, well, why enlarge?

And it is for this reason, too, that the most effective numbers of Thursday's program were those which fell precisely in this category, partly by reason of the

works themselves, partly because of the excellence of the interpretation; and if the writer's "Dance of the Fays" be given the place of honor it is solely in manifest justice to the exquisite rendition which it received at the hands of the seventy white-robed maids and matrons. Only those who know the work can have the faintest conception of the tremendous difficulties of its three-part chromatic scale passages; but, apart from the apparent ease with which these were surmounted, there can be nothing but the highest praise for the fairy lightness which pervaded the whole tone and manner of its doing—praise which should certainly be extended to Miss O'Donoghue for her lissome, elastic touch in the delicate tracery of the accompaniment.

In no sense second to this except in the matter of elaboration came Mrs. Jamison's pretty little darkey "Lullaby"—a "fetching" melody charmingly set and as charmingly sung. The inevitable encore brought a partial repetition to quite as successful a purpose.

Bartlett's "Fairy's Slumber Song," Parker's "In May" and Neidlinger's "Rose in the Garden" each came tripping off the willing tongues; and if I liked not so much the Wagner and Schubert numbers it is, as already suggested, that I care not for big things in the mouths of women.

Of the soloists it is scarcely possible to speak so warmly. Miss Mabel Runge, of whom much was predicted and expected, was plainly suffering from such excessive hoarseness as to render a public appearance altogether unwise; and it would be quite unfair to base a critical opinion upon so heavily handicapped a debut.

Miss June Nutting and Miss Caldwell both rejoice in the possession of really excellent voices, the slight tonal gloom characteristic of the former being probably only a passing phase on the studious road.

Mr. Skeele courageously essayed the dubious task of taming the Simpson organ into solo subduance with the usual result—technical sufficiency with tonal insufficiency. I really do not know why organists give way to the temptation to do solo work at the Simpson. A Batiste Offertoire or a casual additional accompaniment is possible, but that is about the limit.

Of Mr. Poulin I have already spoken; but I cannot refrain from adding a further credit to the accompanist's account. Time was when I thought Miss O'Donoghue a little too strenuous in her anxiety to help along the general joyousness. But something (or somebody) or other has brought a sweet mellowing and gentle sympathy of touch and tone that held much of charm for me the other evening. Were it other than my cheery and altogether unsuspicious friend I would fear that these melting moods were but tell-tale signs of the capitulation of the hitherto unconquerable to The Man who was bound to appear sooner or later.

There was a splendid audience, generous to a fault, but far more discriminating than is commonly the case so far as I have seen. Mr. Poulin and the club are to be sincerely congratulated.

"The Pirates of Penzance," as viewed on their first incursion into the ordinary love making of everyday life, are to be judged rather by their promise of things to come than by things present.

Yet, from this hasty generalization should certainly be exempt at least two prime successes in the per-

sons of Ethel Fults Smith and Roland Paul. Of the really beautiful voice of the former I have not infrequently taken occasion to speak warmly; and yet it could hardly be said that I was fully prepared for the "Mabel" portrayal of Wednesday week. Boasting no particular qualifications as an actress there was yet a simple naturalness which was more than all sufficient to the part. But it was in the beauty of the bubbling tone quality, in the pure poise of the mezza voce, in the brilliant intensity of the upper range that Mrs. Smith wrought herself strongly into the hearts of her hearers.

The pretty patheticism of this young singer's attempted comforting of her much-childered dad has certainly never been done more exquisitely to my knowledge. And of such is the royal Kingdom of God-given song. Would that our high-pressure, long-distance tone hurdlers could learn that it is sympathy (not spasm) which finds its way down to the cockles and sets them twittering happily among themselves.

Of Roland Paul it were possible to tell many things, mostly good. To rattle off a few at random—he sang well, bully; he knew his lines, and, oh joy, he let the people know it; he knew his business, where to put his hands—for example, when it was a question of love (and it generally was) he sought the region of an imaginary heart, and when it was a matter of food there was readily found an appropriate region; while, as for waists, if there was one of any dimensions within a stone's throw it was instantly entwined with one Roland arm or the other—sometimes with both. And I don't blame him. Who wouldn't be an actor?

I would like to say all the nice things in the world anent Mabel Tresslar as "Ruth" because I know so well what her possibilities are and how eternally she seems to have been handicapped in their accomplishment. But, as a matter of fact, Miss Tresslar was the victim of such a frightful cold and sore throat that it was impossible to emit anything but a muffled quality altogether misrepresentative of her true tone. On her acting I am out of bounds. "They say," one and all, that as an embodiment of the unloved one she was a marvel. I don't know anything about it. I never saw a girl who was not loved by somebody or other; and, in case of emergency, I could even turn in and love a fitting subject myself. So the unloved type is an unknown quantity, and judgment must needs be deferred.

The remaining name-parts were in competent hands for an affair of this character, Ellsworth Salyer showing quite a native sense of humor and W. L. Lambert displaying the requisite profundity as the Sergeant of Police. The Misses Henning, Merrick and Hutchinson as the chief pretty "other daughters" and the really capital chorus in general made a brave showing and emitted a surprising wealth of tonal quality. Finally, the whole work with the capable petite orchestra was directed by the father of the organization, Mr. Dupuy, with all the fine frenzy of Ferullo tempered by the calm classicism of Gericke.

I attended the final concert of the Los Angeles Choral Society at the Simpson on Friday evening with hopes running high. That these hopes were met in some measure it is a positive pleasure to attest—the more especially so because from the moment Mr. Jahn raised his baton to the closing beat

it was plainly in evidence that the director was in masterful control. Conducting practically from memory, both the intent and the indications were manifest, clean cut, unmistakable.

But when we turn from this deserved testimony and examine the work of the chorus itself we must fain confess that, much after the fashion of most mixed bodies, the want of well-balanced blend militated largely against thorough enjoyment. The choir of eighty-six voices has excellent material in every part; in fact, it may fairly be said that in no one part is there any material weakness. Nevertheless, the desire for power and snap apparently runs away from the far greater need of close-knit homogeneity and mellow beauty of tone; and, hence, the ear speedily becoming wearied, effect is frittered and pleasure is gone. Barring this one drawback (one far from irremediable) there is abundance of possibility in the chorus.

The real pleasure of the concert was contributed by Mr. Lott, who in Mrs. Botsford's fine "Inconstancy" and two of Mr. Chase's strong songs, and, later, in the glorious and all too brief Adam role of Massenet's "Eve" showed his musicianly qualities and rapid growth in vital, virile resonance at every step.

Mrs. Mary Linck-Evans's temperamental qualities are unquestionable; but they are at the same time full of temptation to run into a forcefulness which shows the danger-light of intonation to the trained ear. This, and this alone, weighed against the full measure of success which should properly have fallen to Mrs. Evans's share on Friday.

In the ladies' sextet which Mr. Wilde introduced from the choir of the Church of the Angels, Garvanza, there are some very pretty voices, and it is a pity that their quiet refinement should have been overweighted by the exceeding masculinity of the accompanying trio.

Mr. Krauss, Mr. Jennison and Mr. Jahn in an instrumental trio, Mr. Colby at the organ and Mrs. Blanche Williams Robinson with her usual exquisitely molded accompaniments added materially to the larger pleasures of the evening.

As a fitting close to an unusually attractive musical week the Ellis Club presented a program on Tuesday.

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day which, all in all, embraced more features of varied interest and a broader scope of interpretative power than on any one occasion during its successful career of the past nine years.

In committing myself to this dictum I am fully alive to the fact that there will always be honest differences of opinion regarding the grade of composition which should obtain in organizations of the Ellis Club stamp. There are those, doubtless, who argue that the massive German School with its a capella contrapuntalism should have sway to the utter elimination of the smaller fry—be they tender, gay or jocular.

Several considerations, however, weigh heavily against any such hide-bound policy. In their own field strictly academic works are immensely interesting to the schooled musician—chiefly by reason of the mathematical ingenuity displayed in their working out; but for any aesthetic pleasure to be derived from them by the average auditor (or by the average singer for that matter) one might as well expect to cultivate voluptuous desire by counting the cobblestones in a London pavement. Music, to my mind, is largely a matter of pure beauty—beauty in form, in rhythmic sway, in tonal sensuousness, in captivating style, in perfection of ensemble, in rich coloring, in quiet blend, in striking effects, in sheer restfulness. If music does not hold some of these elements there is little of music in it for me: and I am very sure that singers as a whole and audiences in general are much of the same mind.

Furthermore, the a capella music of the solid granite order is extremely trying to solo voices, and it should not be forgotten that the Ellis Club is largely made up of the leading soloists of our fair young city. Lastly, while I certainly think that every program should include at least one large scale work, bitter experience has shown the world over that choral bodies, having no love for the severity of the midnight lamp school, will shirk the inevitable hammer and tongs rehearsal work; and audiences, in turn, first grow listless, then wearied, and finally wind up by growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

No man in the world has done much more persistent work in the field of theory, and no musician is more staunch in uplifting the banner of Bach than I: but there are times and places for academicism—and, to my thinking, the chief time is the student life and the main place the student chair.

So much for general principles. And now a word or two on this particular program.

Soaring supremely above the heads of the shorter and more modestly builded works of the evening was undeniably Dudley Buck's splendid "King Olaf's Christmas"—a work largely embodying those vital elements of intense artistic beauty by which must be permeated, as already insisted, all music worthy the name. For much of the Dudley Buck so-called sacred music I have a positive detestation; but, when the grand old man plants a dramatic poem in front of him and jabs his virile pen into the score of a male voice choir he strikes where even the greatest of the ancient and moderns go a tap-tap-tapping. The "King" is not new to the Ellis Club—nor, indeed, can it ever grow old—but I question whether in any previous performance there can have been borne to the ear a greater wealth of gorgeous

tone color, or presented to the mind a picture more instinct with vivid dramatic import, than Mr. Poulin wrested so powerfully from his forces on Tuesday. No small share of the effect should be passed to the credit of Miss Blanche Rogers (who never fails to acquire a pretty red spot on either fair cheek and a heightened sense of emotionalism when Dudley Buck appears on deck) and Mr. Chase—who, by the way, seems to know exactly how to get just enough gentle uplift out of the Simpson organ to induce a wholesome feeling of deep content. Mr. Gregg and Mr. Collier, too, found and used to the highest advantage unusual scope for the display of their solo ability.

An easy second, though in an entirely different way, was Neidlinger's sympathetic setting of Kipling's wondrous little poem "O Mother Mine." Neidlinger not infrequently fails to convince me that his ability justifies his reputation; but of the beauty of this particular setting there is no shadow of doubt. Nor did the interpretation fall one iota below the lofty heights of the work.

The remaining club contributions must, perforce, be passed with mere mention—not because of any material difference in their representation, but by the exigencies of space. Jungst's "Wayfaring Men," MacDowell's "Crusaders" (a strong and difficult work) Buck's "In Absence," Neidlinger's "Birth of the Opal" (a warm-blooded setting of some desperately tropical Ella Wheeler Wilcox verse) and Rheinberger's "Stars in Heaven" all added as many shapely stones to the stately Ellis Temple.

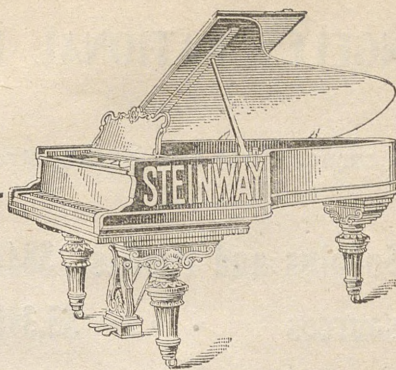
In Miss Louise Nixon Hill the club presented a rising young mezzo contralto who, in addition to a most charming appearance and manner, has the rare dual distinction of a pretty, bubbling tone and a perfectly distinct enunciation. Miss Hill has not a large voice, and I think she, and you, and I may well thank the powers that be for so much of mercy. Large-voiced folk, as a rule, are so full of the devil's own determination to do large things in such a diabolically large way that they sprawl all over themselves and any unfortunates who happen to be within hearing.

Miss Hill very wisely chose songs that fitted her voice and herself,—Willeby's "Fairy Love Song" and Roeckel's "Angus Macdonald," to which were added as encores "A Chinese Tragedy" and "Carissima."

In respect of the writer's "Tulita" and "Leonor," I desire to acclaim the delightful accompaniments of Miss Rogers and Mr. Chase, and especially to acknowledge indebtedness to the pretty supple grace of the four alluring little maids, Charlotte Leland, Kathryn Haizlip, Ethel Taylor and Nina Reed, who, under the tutelage of their charming chief, Miss Louise Woodard, tossed their castanets and tambourines to such satisfying purpose.

And to the club and Mr. Poulin the warmest word that in me lies, a word of grateful appreciation of the frank generosity which takes palpable pleasure in extending high honor to one of themselves—than which no tribute can well appeal more strongly to the professional man. If a director could possibly be more generous and unselfish than has been Mr. Poulin, or if club members as a body could welcome a co-worker more heartily than have the Ellis boys, it were manifest proof that human frailty is rapidly passing into oblivion and the millenium is close at hand.

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A new bank is on the tapis at Riverside.

Financial

The Savings Bank of Huntington Beach has incorporated with a capital stock of \$25,000 fully subscribed. Directors are: W. T. Newland, J. P. Corbett, C. P. Webster, D. M. Cate, S. W. Price, H. S. Hazeltine, J. B. Heartwell, S. Townsend, J. F. Heartwell, A. M. Goodhue and R. Courregas of Santa Ana.

Los Angeles bank deposits on March 1 of this year were \$59,852,870. On June 20 the deposits were \$70,623,878. This increase of over ten million dollars marks the most telling recent story of the city's prosperity. When the Chamber of Commerce made its bank compilations March 1, the deposits stood: Commercial bank deposits, \$34,880,632; savings bank deposits, \$24,972,238. The figures taken June 20 showed: Commercial bank deposits, \$40,317,298; savings bank deposits, \$30,306,581.

The Lompoc Valley Bank has purchased the northeast corner of Ocean avenue and H street, Lompoc, and will erect a business block on the corner.

John Schmucker of Escondido will erect the new national bank at Escondido for Louis J. Wilde and others, he making the lowest bid. The building will cost about \$12,000.

The Los Angeles Chapter of the American Institute of Bank Clerks gave a smoker recently in Chickering Hall, on South Broadway. Seventy bank clerks participated. A program was given, consisting of solos by W. W. Gibbs, Jr., D. W. Carlton and A. J. Stinton; there was an exciting check-adding contest on machines furnished by the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, and this concern furnished prizes for the winners. A money-counting contest furnished much amusement, and this was followed by a check-listing contest, for which prizes were awarded. At the close of the program refreshments were served.

The old First National Bank building of Pasadena has been sold for \$49,000.

The new bank at Inglewood will erect a two-story bank building.

Bonds.

Dillon & Hubbard have declined to certify to the legality of the proposed issue of \$730,000 school bonds by Los Angeles (city). This will delay the building program of the board of education.

A special meeting of the stockholders of the Auditorium Company will be held August 22, 407-8 Douglas Building, Los Angeles, for the purpose of taking into consideration the project of issuing bonds in the amount of \$325,000.

The Burbank school district has voted \$6000 bonds to provide additional school facilities.

The Fremont school district (Hollywood) will vote July 8 on a \$7000 bond issue.

The Bell school district (Los Angeles Co.) votes July 11 on a special tax to provide better school facilities.

The Ranchito school district, (Los Angeles Co.) votes July 7 on a \$1500 bond issue.

Redlands has voted to issue \$100,000 street improvement bonds.

The Scottish Rite Masons will erect a cathedral in Los Angeles and a \$100,000 bond issue is proposed.

No bids have been received for the school bonds issued by the Brawley and Alamo school district on the desert, San Diego county.

Longoria residents have voted a special school tax of \$3,000 to be used in improving the schools of that district.

The Home Telephone Co. of Los Angeles votes August 29 on a proposition to increase the bonded indebtedness from \$2,500,000 to \$5,000,000.

Mayor Adams of Phoenix, Arizona, has appointed a commission to have charge of the sale of \$300,000 of water bonds and the installation of a water works system.

Pasadena is to have a convention hall. Citizens have subscribed \$70,000 and four of the banks have agreed to buy \$50,000 in bonds.

The Plomares school district (Los Angeles Co.) will vote July 15 on an issue of \$12,000 school bonds.

Oxnard is to have a sewer system and an issue of \$45,000 in bonds is proposed.

Huntington Park votes July 11 on a \$2000 school bond issue.

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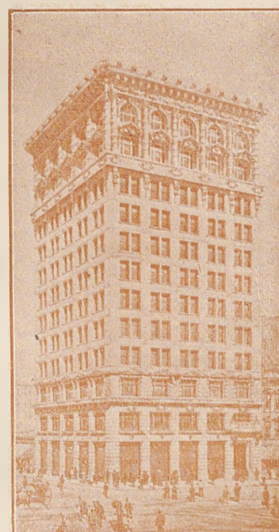
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Los Angeles Ice & Cold Storage Co.

**L. A. Ice & Cold
Storage Co.**



H. JEVNE CO.

La Crescenta Olive Oil

Scarcely any dish these days—excepting pastry—but what needs a touch of Olive Oil. Olive Oil is one of the important specialties of our store. We've had every brand that claimed to be worthy, and the worthiest of the worthy we carry now. Among them all—foreign and domestic—there isn't any better than our La Crescenta brand. If you want foreign labels you can have them. If you want pure Olive Oil—you get that in every bottle of La Crescenta.

**208-210 South Spring Street
Wilcox Building**